

The Jolly Tars of Old England's 22

# GARLAND.

Containing several excellent

## NEW SONGS.

The Jolly Tars of Old England.

The Social Powers.

I. Venus of Totterdown-hill.

V. A Bumper of good Liquor:

. A New Hunting Song.

I. Thomas and Sally. A New Song.

III. Water parted from the Sea.



*Licensed and entered according to order.*

The Jolly Tars of Old England's GARLAND.

## The Jolly Tars of Old England.

COME cheer up my lads, let us haste to the main,  
And rub out old scores with the dollars of Spain,  
It becomes us brave Britons, dame freedom's own sons,  
To satisfy Duns at the cost of the Dons.

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Hearts of oak are our men,

**We always are ready.**

Steady, boys, steady,

**We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.**



Though the Bourbons are join'd both of Spain and France.

We'll play up a tune, and will soon make them dance,  
The grave-looking Spaniard will skip at the roar,  
And Monsieur would wish he were jigging ashore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They say they'll invade us,—A fig for our boasts,  
While our fleets guard the ocean, our soldiers the coasts,  
We'll meet them half way—they who 'scape from our hands  
For a ducking by sea, shall get drubbing by land.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Then boy bring a tankard—we'll pay the whole soon,  
There's a fail now in sight, hey Jack, a Galleon;  
Then haul your wind, boys,—we'll have dollars in frowns  
If she flies, we shall follow, nor fear to get more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

With a health to brave HARDY, our song we shall close,  
 And wish that he quickly may meet with our foes,  
 To meet them and beat them is just the same thing,  
 For GEORGE of Old Ocean must ever be King.

Hearts of oak are our ships,  
 Hearts of oak are our men,  
 We always are ready,  
 Steady, boys, steady,  
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

*Social Powers.*

COME then, all ye social powers,  
 Shed your influence o'er us,  
 Crown with bliss the present hours,  
 And lighten those before us.

Fill the flask the music bring,  
 Joy will quickly find us,  
 Drink and laugh, and dance and sing,  
 And leave dull care behind us.

Love the godhead I adore,  
 Source of generous passion,  
 But we'll never bow before  
 Those idols, wealth and fashion.

Fill the flask, &c.

Why the plague should men be sad,  
 Since on earth we moulder,  
 Grave or gay, or vex'd or glad,  
 We every day grow older.

Fill the flask, &c.

Friendship

Friendship with thy smile divine,  
 Brighten every feature,  
 What but friendship love and wine,  
 Can make us happy creatures.  
 Fill the flask, &c.

Then since time doth steal away,  
 Spite of all our sorrow ;  
 Heighten every joy to day,  
 And never mind to morrow.  
 Fill the flask, &c.

*Totterdown-hill.*

**A**T Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,  
 And it may be they live there still,  
 Much riches indeed did not fall to their share,  
 They kept a small farm and a mill ;  
 Being fully contented with what they did get,  
 They knew not of guile nor of arts,  
 One daughter they had and her name it was Be  
 And she was the pride of their hearts,  
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut brown was her locks, her shape it was straight  
 Her eyes were as black as a doe,  
 Her teeth were milk white, full smart was her gait  
 And sleek was her skin as a doe ;  
 All thick were the clouds, and rain it did pour  
 No bit of true blue could be spy'd,  
 A child wet and cold came and knock'd at the door  
 Its mam it had lost and it cry'd,  
 Its mam, &c.

Young

( 3 )

Young Bet was as mild as the morning of May,  
The babe she hugg'd close to her breast,  
She chast him all o'er, and smil'd as he lay,  
She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest;  
But who do you think she had got for her prize?  
Why love, that fly master of arts,  
No sooner he wak'd than he drop'd his disguise,  
And shew'd her his wings and his darts,  
And shew'd, &c.

Quoth he, I am love, but oh! be not afraid,  
Tho' all I make shake to my will,  
So good and so kind have you been, my fair maid,  
No harm shall you feel from my skill;  
My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,  
A friend you shall find in me still;  
Take my quiver and shoot—be greater than she,  
The Venus of Totterdown-hill,  
The Venus of Totterdown-hill.

*A Bumper of good Liquor.*

**A** Bumber of good liquor,  
Will end a conquest quicker,  
Than Justice, Judge or Vicar,  
To fill a chearful glass,  
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,  
Why sooner drain the barrel,  
Then be the hateful fellow,  
That's crabbed when he's mellow.  
A bumper, &c.

Come

( 6 )  
*A new Hunting Song.*

COME rouse from the trances,  
The fly morn advances,  
To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;  
Let the horn's jocund note,  
In the wind sweetly float,  
While the fox from the break lifts his head ;  
Now peeping,  
Now creeping,  
The fox from the break lifts his head.  
Each away to his stead,  
Your goddess shall lead ;  
Come follow, my worshipers follow ;  
For the chace all prepare,  
See the hounds snuff the air,  
Hark ! hark ! to the huntsman's sweet hollow,  
Hark Jowler, hark Rover,  
See Reynard breaks cover,  
The hunters fly over the ground.  
Now they dart down the lane,  
Now they skip o'er the plain,  
And the hills, woods and vallies resound,  
With dashing  
And splashing,  
The hills, woods and vallies resound ;  
Then away with full speed,  
Your goddess shall lead ;  
Come follow my worshipers follow,  
To the chace all repair,  
See the hounds snuff the air ;  
Hark ! hark ! to the huntsman's sweet hollow.

*Thomas and Sally.*

YOUNG Sally lov'd a bonny sailer,  
 With tears she sent him out to roam,  
 And Thomas lov'd no other woman,  
 But left his heart with her at home.  
 He view'd the seas from off the hill,  
 And as she turn'd her spinning wheel,  
 Sing of her bonny Sailor.  
 The winds blew high and she grew paler,  
 To see the weather-cock turn round;  
 At length she 'spy'd a bonny sailer,  
 Come tripping o'er the fallow ground,  
 With nimble haste he leapt the stile,  
 And Sally met him with a smile,  
 And hugg'd her bonny sailer.  
 Fast round the waist he took his Sally,  
 But first around his mouth wip'd he,  
 Like home-bred sparks he did not dally,  
 But kiss'd and press'd her with a glee;  
 Through winds and waves and dashing rain,  
 Says he, thy Tom's return'd again,  
 And brings a heart for Sally.  
 This knife the gift of lovely Sally,  
 Still have kept for my dear's sake,  
 And oftentimes in amorous folly,  
 Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck,  
 But see the happy pledge returns,  
 To shew how truly Thomas burns,  
 How true he burns for Sally.

This

This thimble didst thou give thy Sally,  
Whene'er I look'd I thought on you,  
Then why does Tom stand shilly shally;  
Let's to the steeple that's in our view,  
He never to occasions blind,  
He took her in the willing mind,  
And went to church with Sally.

*Water parted from the Sea.*

**W**ATER parted from the sea,  
May increase the river's tide,  
To the bubbling fount may flee,  
Or thro' the fertile valley's glide:  
Water parted from the sea,  
May increase the river's tide,  
To the bubbling fount may flee,  
Or thro' the fertile valleys glide:  
Tho' in search of soft repose,  
Thro' the lands its free to roam,  
Still it murmurs as it flows,  
Panting for its native home.  
Tho' in search of soft repose,  
Thro' the lands its free to roam,  
Still it murmurs as it flows,  
Panting for its native home.

